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THE WATCH TOWER

Published Quarterly by the Students of Rock Island High School

VOLUME V

JANUARY 1914

NUMBER 2

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GUSTAV ANDREEN, PRESIDENT, Rock Island, Ill.



The International Race at Savannah.

RAYMOND BURTON, '16.

FROM as far back as history tells, the heart of mankind has thrilled over the contest of chosen races. First of importance were the ancient Greeks in their Olympic games and Marathons, then was heard the thunder of Roman chariots, and so on down thru the ages came many contests for supremacy in speed and endurance.

The advent of the motor car produced a new epoch in racing. For Thanksgiving day was scheduled the greatest race mankind had ever known; the battle of almost two score of the world's most powerful cars and famed drivers against the forces of time and distance. Savannah, Georgia, was selected as the battleground.

From the time the race was first announced, the eyes of all motordom eagerly awaited its coming. The course lay over a stretch of fine public roads and was about eight miles in length. For several months, hundreds of men had been at work remoulding the old track. The turns were widened and banked, the entire course covered with macadam and a coat of tar to make it firmer still. At the start and finish lines, new stands and pits had been erected. The enterprising land owner had built small stands at dangerous turns and expected to charge high prices

for the privilege of enjoying the comforts at these important points.

The length of the race had been set at seventy-five laps. Each car in order to qualify would have to average seventy-five miles an hour for one complete lap. This would eliminate all the weak entries and make faster time possible. The practice hours were to be from six until eight in the morning. During this time, the course would be closed to all public travel.

Three weeks before Thanksgiving found all the cars and drivers present with the exception of a few who were to arrive from Europe the next week. Most of the teams had located in private homes, using the barn as a temporary garage for their "steeds". Every morning the cars were taken out and tested, then the remaining portion of the day was spent in correcting the faults found. "Early to bed and early to rise" was the rule, as each driver must be in the best of condition for the big struggle. This was the daily routine and gradually, as the new cars lost their stiffness and the men became familiar with the track, they vied with one another in their attempts to set a new practice record. The "rail-birds" began sending out tales of the wonderful driving of certain favorites, which increased their popularity. As the event drew near, the interest flamed into fever heat.

On the Tuesday night before the contest, a meeting of all drivers and mechanics was held for an explanation of rules and drawing of numbers. Such men are usually superstitious and even more so before an occasion of this kind; hence, the number thirteen was discarded. The honor of starting first fell to the lot of a little Italian with a big car, which was, in the driver's opinion, capable of holding the lead. At this time the usual custom was observed, and each pilot contributed one hundred dollars to the fund used to assist all who might be injured or possibly killed in the long grind.

The following morning the time trials were held and all but two American cars qualified, leaving thirty-six eligible. Finishing touches were put on both track and cars, then activity ceased and the seemingly long wait for the start began. All day long trains unloaded race enthusiasts from all parts of the world. Many motor clubs from large cities came in special trains, which were side tracked and occupied by the members during their brief visit. Thousands of automobile parties arrived. They found shelter in the crowded hotels or private homes. Some, unable to find accommodations in either, slept in their cars all night. In the cafes betting was brisk. Bands marched the streets and played lively tunes. Various forms of entertainment were given to welcome the visitors. However, those, who on the morrow would battle for glory, were away from the noise and tumult, securing a good night's rest while one of the crew sat watch over their cars to prevent foul play.

It was time for the race to start. Thousands of people were breathlessly waiting for the signal. At last it was given. The first car was off. Then, with equal intervals intervening, each car was sent away on its mad rush to overtake the one ahead. Hardly had the last man left when the

head of the long procession appeared in the distance.

Three cars were together, now one was slowly forging ahead and they came thundering down past the stands at a terrific speed. The race was on. No entire minute found a car in the same mile. Almost all started with the determination to drive a steady race; but the temptation to prevent a rival passing could not be resisted by a few, and before many laps had been completed, this fault caused their downfall. The high speed was searching out every weakness of the cars, and like wounded steers, they came limping down the track to the pits with bursted tires for the needed repairs.

At the end of the first two hundred miles eight cars had left the strife and their drivers sat in the pits watching those more fortunate speed on to fame and glory. The race half over, but twenty of the cars had withstood the grind and only twelve of these were in the running. The road had become slippery and the turns worn into deep ruts. On the fifty-first lap, a youth had hurled his white American car into the lead. A length behind, like the tail of a serpent, flashed a gray monster, carrying the flag of Italy. Behind them trailed the field. At a bad turn, the more daring Italian regained the lead, but the American held on like a leach. His one endeavor was to pass the gray, thundering blur in front of him.

In the distance a car, having had much trouble, finally broke a steering knuckle and was running a zig-zag course, its destination left to fate. Bearing down upon the disabled car were the leaders, both with such a great desire for the lead that they were unmindful of the danger until too late to check their speed. Traveling at the rate of one hundred and forty feet a second, a man must think and act quickly. The seconds were few, a bad decision caused a skid, a crash, a tangled mass of

steel with two injured men lying beyond. One turned to the right but the broken car swerved back and was rapidly closing up the opening he aimed for.

Words were not made to express the excitement. The nerves of the spectators were at a high tension and every muscle was strained. Seeing his danger, he quickly gave his motor every ounce of power possible and his game little mechanism pumped gas with all his might. The car responded to their efforts and leaped thru just before the fence broke under the load of the fatal car. The crowds were on their feet and cheered wildly as the American car, number twenty-one, roared away out of sight.

Lap after lap he continued his merciless pace and shattered the world's records. With a good lead, he paused for a brief moment to change tires and replenish his gas. He was off again with little loss. The other cars continued their whirlwind swap but not one was capable of catching the fast flying American.

The end approached. The starter seized the green flag from the rack and darted toward the track. Number twenty-one

was first to receive the signal and enter the last lap. Like billows of the sea the mighty throng of enthusiasts moved, shouted, and roared. The checkered flag was next unfurled. The starter vainly searched the evening dusk for the large white car. Anxiety increased, minutes seemed hours. A French car loomed up, was signaled with the green and moved on. Still all eyes watched for twenty-one.

Down the back stretch came a faltering motor. The driver was coaxing it on. Suddenly it stopped. Human hands could never start it in such a condition. The two boys, tired and worn by the long hard grind, sat on the ground and the tears ran down their dirty, grease-covered cheeks.

Back down the miles came the Frenchman. He laughed as he flashed by the two youths sitting near their broken car, and drove on to victory.

That night the wine flowed freely, and many a toast was sung to the Frenchman. However, the name of the lad that drove number twenty-one was on the lips of all who saw the race, and the day had brought him fame that would outlive that of the victor.

A Lovely Scene.



It is useless to say that some girls are curious. They say a cat has nine lives, and that at one time "curiosity killed a cat", so what will happen to some girls who only have one life?

Bob Day and Jane Bar were standing in the hall exchanging experiences of the summer vacation. Jane had finished her story and now it was Bob's turn.

"Well", he began, "there's not much to tell. As you know I was out on the farm. Don't it look like it? Just look at that muscle!"

"But Bob", she asked, "what did you do with yourself in the evening?"

"Oh we"—

"Who's 'we'?" she exclaimed, "I didn't know there were two down there."

"Oh yes there were two of us, and my eye but she was a stunner!"

"Well, I s'pose I've got to ask about her", Jane said grudgingly.

"Of course, and I'm going to tell you about her, too. We generally stood at the bars just as the sun went down—oh I can't tell you very well, but I'll just read you the 'pome' I made up about her."

We stood at the bars as the sun went down
Behind the hills on a summer day.
Her eyes were tender and big and brown,
Her breath as sweet as the new mown hay.

Far from the west the faint sunshine
Glanced sparkling off her golden hair,
Those calm deep eyes were turned toward
mine,
And a look of contentment rested there.

"Isn't it pretty near done?" Jane inquired.

"Don't you like it? Well, here's the last verse."

I see her bathed in the sunlight flood,
I see her standing peacefully now,
Peacefully standing and chewing her cud,
As I rubbed her ears,—that Jersey cow.

"Oh-h, you mean thing!" Jane exclaimed.

Sir Thomas Nash.

GEORGE H. McDONALD, '14.

The sturdy, bold Sir Thomas Nash
Had left his fair young bride,
To seek his fortunes far away,
Where streams of gold did glide.



For seven long years his bride did wait,
But no Sir Thomas came.
For seven long years did the maiden
mourn,
And keep her husband's name.



Three years later a fair Prince came,
To woo the forlorn maid.
She gave up hope for bold Thomas,
And the Prince's bride became.



Sir Thomas Nash had fared full sore
In the far land of gold,
His ships were wrecked upon the shores,
And his men all died, 'tis told.

Many years had passed, 'ere Thomas Nash
Had built another fleet,
To sail back to his bonny bride,
Whom he had left to weep.



The ships had gained fair England's
shores,
And Thomas hurried home.
"O where, o where, is my bonny bride,
Whom I left here alone?"



But woe unto bold Thomas Nash,
For a stranger up and said:
"Your bride did wait you, many years,
And now she is rewed."



"A queen she is in fair Scotland,
And happy is she too,
For seven bold sons are at her side,
And all her wishes do."

Sir Thomas staggered 'neath the blow,
Though a brave man was he.
His grief was great, so death he sought.
He lies beneath the sea.



PRESS NOTES

H. Z. Weller

November 19 was Flag Day, and the Ciceronian Debating Club rendered the programme which took place in our assembly immediately after the session period. The president of the Society had quite a difficult time trying to stop the "wheels" of the Victrola at just the right time, but nevertheless, everyone enjoyed all of the programme. Especially interesting was the excellent talk of Rev. Eyster, a Civil War veteran.

* * *

Everyone was happy on November 27. Of course some people were very much more comfortable *before* the meal than after. But if certain people refuse to heed the advice given them before the arrival of the company,—that warning being somewhat like, "Now *don't* ask for a third helping of turkey. Just remember how you felt after your *last* Thanksgiving dinner!"—why naturally they must suffer the consequences.

There were two people in Rock Island who were exceptionally happy on the 27. One was a former R. I. H. S. student, Cora Karns, and the other Walter B. Smith, who is now her obedient husband. We all wish the bride and groom much happiness.

* * *

The period before the first period has always been called session. During this period various things were done, in fact almost everything except studying.—Usually one attended session for the sole purpose of having to be told that he was "tar-

dy yesterday and must report at the office for an excuse." Some attended session just to *be* tardy, so they could have the sensation of visiting Mr. Burton the next morning. We know Mr. Burton appreciated their thoughtfulness in wishing to be near and talk to him but, strange to say, he suddenly became aware of the fact that these calls were tiresome. Following this decision came the abolition of session. Session is a thing of the past and "we ain't mad to nobody."

* * *

On December 12, the Seniors gave their party, and, although the ever mischievous Juniors tried to disturb the peace and kidnap the refreshments, they failed and the party was a grand success. During the game of conversation, such weighty subjects as "slang", "graduation", etc. were discussed. After seven conversation periods, the party "followed the leader" to the Commons, which was charmingly decorated in the class colors. The place cards were dainty black-eyed Susans painted by the class artist, Hazel Weller. After the lovely refreshments, Clifford Burns, toastmaster, called upon different ones for speeches, and many and varied were the responses he received. Mr. Corneal told of his evening's experiences as policeman, but still no one understands what *he* was doing up there. A few members of the faculty, the class officers, and some of the class members spoke. Everyone had a very gay and festive time and only wish the Seniors would have more parties.

H. Young has started a school of instruction in dish washing. So far she has had only one pupil, but we are sure that by this time Will Glass has become very proficient in the art, and will some day appreciate his early training.

* * *

We deem a trifling incident, which occurred in a first year German class, worthy of a position on this page. But we are afraid that if the brother of our editor-in-chief should see an account of the performance,—rather an account of the announcement of the to-be-performance—he would be somewhat embarrassed. Also, it might worry our fair Frauline a little, so we aren't going to tell you anything about what happened.

* * *

On December 19, the third number of the Lyceum Course, a reading of Dicken's "Christmas Carol" by Miss Iva Pearce was given in the assembly. The reading was excellent and Miss Pearce certainly is remarkable in her ability to set her characters plainly before the audience. Everyone enjoyed the evening and our only regret is that we cannot have the opportunity of hearing Miss Pearce oftener.

* * *

Just a word of congratulation to the Senior girls' Basket ball Team, who on December 19, were again proclaimed school champions.

* * *

A delightful talk, by a representative of the Jacksonville Seminary and he spoke very interestingly and favorably of the school, telling of its advantages in education and the care a girl receives there. By request, he gave a few pieces of poetry, most if not all original. One was a parody on the "Old Oaken Bucket" and another a tribute to James Whitecomb Riley. His delightful humor and originality made the afternoon a pleasant one, and the girls de-

parted, carrying with them not only what he had said of the Seminary but his words of good advice.

* * *

On the last day of the semester, swan songs were sung by members of Miss Rush's History classes. Many of those who had been too bashful to talk much all year, made truly heroic efforts and were generously given due credit by Miss Rush.

* * *

Hugo Larson, a Junior of '15, objects most vehemently to singing in public. In a recently spirited argument over this question, Mr. Larson carried his point quite forcibly. Miss Sturgeon, his opponent, was evidently deeply impressed. Elated by his success, after some uncertainty, Hugo has decided to take up the subject of argumentation.

* * *

December 22, the members of the Fae Kae Club gave a Christmas Party at Ellen Thompson's house. Santa Claus wasn't there himself but he sent so many, many presents that the tree was in danger of toppling over. The hostess announced that Santa Claus had sent one present for each girl that was characteristic of her and when Neva received a vanity case, she couldn't see the connection. Can you? Neither could Hazel see why she was given a boy scout game. We do. All the young ladies acted with great dignity with the exception of "Lizzy", whose actions were sadly babyish.

* * *

Peter S. has returned to school after a prolonged vacation caused by a too strenuous use of his nerve(s).

* * *

On Dec. 18, a touching little scene was enacted in Senior Hall near Miss Sturgeon's door. "Lizz" said, — — Oh well, they just made up. That's all.

We enjoyed a visit on January 5th from Vera Oldham. She only spent one day with us but many sighed that she could not remain longer — (we mention no names).

* * *

Ben Clarke and Otto Frank were lingering around school January 6, and gossip has it that they would welcome with open arms the opportunity to once more be a student of Rock Island high.

* * *

A Bit of Information.

The "ballad dance", as history records it, was a series of leaps, hops, and jumps, and it is from this that the modern "tango" is thought to have originated.

* * *

Horrors!

A junior committee while in deep discussion previous to the party, was nearly locked in room 12 by a senior, who was reckless with Miss Buhlig's keys. Attracted by violent screams Miss Buhlig arrived upon the scene just in time to save the day. She is now held the "patron saint" of the juniors.

* * *

With the signing of a contract with the Davenport high school for a football game next fall, the students at once began to reckon the prospects for the 1914 team. While the majority of this year's team will complete their high school careers in June, there still will be sufficient material on hand to assure the school of a winning team. Among others, Clifford Whisler, an old football star, returned at the beginning of this semester, and will help win glories for R. I. H. S. on the gridiron.

* * *

Excitement!

It was rumored about the school that the juniors were going to have a "hop" and the seniors became terribly excited but, gentle reader, "be cam", it was only a false alarm.

High School Reception.

Since the opening of the new Y. M. C. A., the authorities in charge of it have shown a great interest in the high school students, and on December 21, there was a big reception at the new building with the Boys' Department in the role of host. It presented a fine opportunity for the feminine half of our student body to inspect the beautiful new structure, and accordingly a remarkably large number enjoyed the hospitality of the association members.

* * *

The High School Bible Class.

About three weeks before the Christmas vacation, a new club was inaugurated by the boys of the high school. The organization, which goes under the name of the "High School Bible Class", at once proved a success and the attendance has steadily increased at each meeting.

The class meets every Wednesday noon at the Y. M. C. A. building and luncheon is served at a nominal price. After the meal, Edwin Dice, Official Court Reporter for Rock Island County, gives a short, up-to-the-minute talk and each time his message has been interesting and helpful to the boys who heard him.

All the arrangements for the class were made by the Boys' Secretary H. M. Craig of the association, but now that the class is thoroughly organized, he has left all control of the club in the hands of the executive committee. Officers were elected as follows:

President—Will Whisler.

Vice-President—Bliss Rinck.

Secretary—Fay Reeves.

Treasurer—Will Glass.

Head Waiter—Wendell Clark.

Chief Dishwasher—Claude Hippler.

THE WATCH TOWER

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HERBERT COPP, '17.....*Jokes*

To the Class of 1918 we extend a hearty welcome and sincere wishes that your Freshman year will be one of the happiest and merriest in your high school life.

LET THERE BE PEACE.

After nine long years of strained relations between the two schools, teams representing the Davenport and Rock Island institutions are once more to meet on the gridiron. During this breach the best spirit has prevailed between the schools and this announcement was welcomed in Davenport as it was here. It will be remembered that following the annual game with Davenport in the fall of 1906, a young man, while attempting to seize a banner from a moving vehicle, was run down and killed. The accident was deplorable to say the least and the seriousness of the affair was considered sufficient to sever all athletic relations between the two schools.

While there has always been a grave doubt in the minds of many that such stringent action should have been taken, it is not for us now to argue whether it was right or wrong, but rather to do all within our power to prevent a recurrence of another such unhappy situation.

And with the restoration of friendliness with Davenport, nothing would be more welcome to the students of the Rock Island high school than a game with Moline. We sincerely believe that with the lessons of these two experiences fresh in the minds of all, athletic contests may once more be held between the three schools without creating any unsportmanlike spirit.

Let there be peace and there will be peace!

The members of the Class of 1914 are entering upon their last semester of high school life. May 29th will mark the culmination of four eventful years in the careers of the seniors — years which have been full of pleasures not soon to be forgotten. In a very few months they will go forth from these halls, some to enter institutions of higher learning, some to fill positions in the business world, but all into a life which will contain fewer pleasures and more work. Their school

days are practically over and they must now look upon the more serious side of life.

And so it is that the WATCH TOWER staff joins with the undergraduates in wishing to the seniors great happiness and unlimited success in these, their last few months of high school life.

We wish to take this opportunity to express our appreciation of the splendid work submitted to the WATCH TOWER by the artists of the school. We realize that the attractiveness of a school paper depends largely upon the artistic contributions, and the drawings this year have been unusually pleasing. Special mention should be made of the work of Hazel Weller, Florence Long, Celeste Comegys, Langton Prager, Fred Nold and Will Rinck, whose contributions appeared in the first issue. Don't become discouraged if your efforts are not rewarded at first. Try again and you are bound to be recognized.

The staff will soon take up the task of editing the annual June Commencement number. To make it a big success we need the cooperation of the students. Above all things we want and need contributions. If you have't been approached by one of the staff and invited to contribute to the WATCH TOWER, don't think we are not anxious to have your work, for we are. There will be a box placed, in a few days, below the stairs leading to the WATCH TOWER office. We cordially invite anyone and everyone to put any material they may have in this contribution box. Remember, the more the contributions, the better will be the commencement number.

How wearisome and how monotonous are the everlasting complaints on THE WATCH TOWER. You would tire of such repetition and the Editors are no exception. When asked what fault there is to be found of the paper and what improvements they could suggest, these very complainers reply with an indifferent shrug, "Oh, I don't know." A very noticeable fact and also quite curious is the fact that the "Grumblers" are not contributors to the paper. Those who are interested and contribute their efforts freely are very seldom heard finding fault. We would like every one in this school to read the first issue of the paper from El Reno. Such appropriate phrases as, "Don't be a knocker," "Contribute to the paper," and many others appear. Frequently R. I. H. S. students are heard to say, "THE WATCH TOWER isn't half as good as such and such a paper." Do you ever stop to consider that the school turning out the best paper is the school whose staff is sure of the hearty co-operation and support of the students, whose contributions are so numerous that excellent material is assured, and whose subscribers are not knockers. We, Editors, aim to please you and want you to be pleased. Come, fellow students, turn a new leaf. Quit knocking and boost instead, make contributions, and try to be satisfied. If you will do this, the Editors will do the rest. Is it a bargain?

The Editors of THE WATCH TOWER wish to extend their most hearty and grateful thanks to the Board of Education for the most useful gift of electric lights. We further wish to assure you that thus far they have proved most valuable. Again we thank you.



It is with a certain amount of regret that we appeal to the Alumni of Rock Island high school for material for their old school paper. Perhaps there is no department in a school paper which is harder to provide for than is the Alumni department. But we are sublimely confident that merely a word uttered in tones of distress will bring forth such abundance of material that the mails will be flooded for weeks to come. And so we mention with no little degree of hesitancy so delicate a matter. To be serious, fond graduates of R. I. H. S. The *Watch Tower* is doing business at the old stand and will welcome with outstretched arms, material of any description which you submit to it.

* * *

Rare events are not easily forgotten. Thus, although it was before the Christmas vacation, we cannot forget that it was then that Lee Barnett and Will Empeke, two of our Alumni, visited us. Lee played in the orchestra just like in olden times, while Will again favored us with that accomodating smile which seemed to say, "I've brought my knife, girls."

* * *

Miss Pauline Levi, former Editor-in-chief of the *Watch Tower*, spent the Christmas holidays at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Levi of this city. Although this is Pauline's first year at the University of Chicago, she has received many honors and has attained universal popularity. In college, as it was in high school, her literary ability is acknowledged and rewarded. She has been chosen to fill a responsible position in one of the prominent girls' literary societies. Her

many friends in R. I. H. S. wish her every success in her college career and hope her future will be as bright as her present and past.

It is safe to assert that the largest representation of our alumni studying at any one college may be found at Augustana. There they may be found in the various departments, usually holding some position of honor.

Will Robb and Rilla Fraser, '09, will complete their college studies this year. Robb has until recently been editor-in-chief of the *Augustana Observer*, but at present is occupying the same position on the staff of the Senior annual, "The Rockety-I." He is also president of the Senior class.

Miss Margaret Olmsted, '11, is the president and sole suffragette of the Junior class. This is the first time the honor has ever been conferred on a lady.

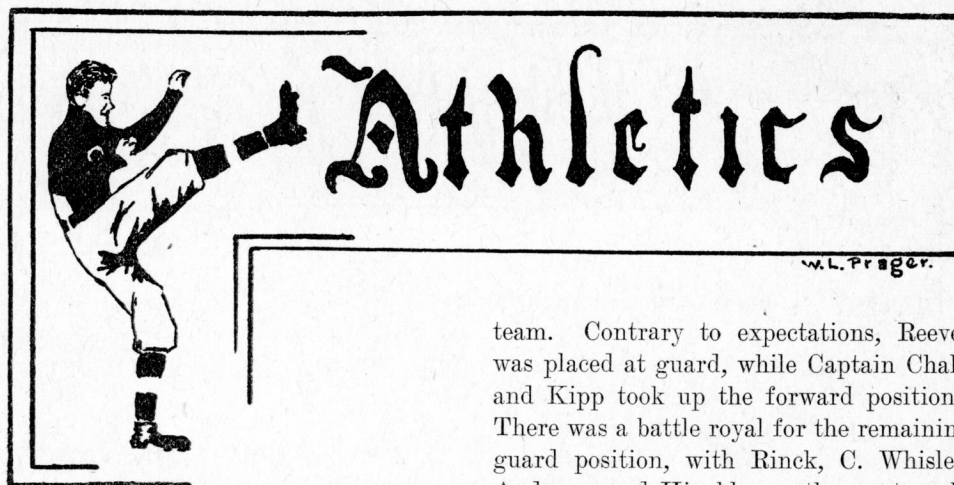
Three alumni, DeLong, '11, Cook, '13, and Eklund, '13, the last two leaders of last year's debating teams, will compose the team which will debate Illinois College at Augustana on March 27. Ray Walker, '12, is a member of the team which will debate Monmouth College.

Miss Mabel Martin, '13, is a recent addition to the ranks of the Freshmen.

Miss Helen Hazard, '13, is the secretary of the Class of 1917.

Graduates of R. I. H. S. who are attending Augustana, have formed a private club known as the "Dub's." Its membership is: Clara Blakemore, Marion Cleveland, Bessie Mieler, Creta Curry, Buhlah Harris, and Helen Hazard, all of '13.

The rest of the alumni, who were mentioned in the last edition of the *WATCH TOWER*, are also enjoying their sojourn at "Augie" and earnestly trying to learn to say: "Jag skall worria."



With the Five.

With the first game of the season scheduled for January 9, work to make up a speedy five began immediately after the close of the football grind, and a squad of about fifteen men started the preliminary practice with a rush.

Prospects were bright for a winning team with five emblem men on the squad. The only dampening of the spirit of the boys came when Hippler, by the doctor's orders, dropped out of the game for the season. By the reopening of the school, after the Christmas vacation, the men were all in good condition and under the watchful eye of Coach Corneal, and guided by the strong hand of the able captain, Earl Chalk, they continued to improve.

Chalk, Kipp, Glass, Hippler, and Reeves were the men who had won their letters in previous years, and they all, with the exception of Hippler, took up the work with a vigor and zeal which was encouraging to the close followers of the

team. Contrary to expectations, Reeves was placed at guard, while Captain Chalk and Kipp took up the forward positions. There was a battle royal for the remaining guard position, with Rinck, C. Whisler, Andrews, and Hinckley as the most probable selections.

A rather long and strenuous schedule was arranged for the five by Manager Hill. Among the hardest games listed on the chart are contests with Davenport, and Monmouth.

* * *

The Victorious Finish.

After suffering a 42 to 0 defeat at the hands of Rockford, the team journeyed to Monmouth only to be defeated by the downstaters by a lone tally, 7 to 6. The team then upset the championship "dope" of the state, by turning the tables on the Peoria Manual Training High eleven. The score which was 56 to 12, shows the class of ball put up by the crimson and gold warriors. From the start the Peorians were outplayed, but it must be said in justice to the visitors, that they were at a serious disadvantage with three of their best men out of the game because of injuries. The results of the entire season are as follows:

Sept. 27—Alumni	7;	Rock Island 12;	At Rock Island.
Oct. 4—Iowa City	7;	Rock Island 7;	At Rock Island.
Oct. 11—Clinton	42;	Rock Island 0;	At Clinton.
Oct. 18—Normal School.	0;	Rock Island 21;	At Rock Island.
Oct. 25—Princeton	6;	Rock Island 20;	At Rock Island.
Nov. 1—Galesburg	0;	Rock Island 6;	At Galesburg.
Nov. 8—Geneseo	0;	Rock Island 12;	At Geneseo.
Nov. 15—Rockford	42;	Rock Island 0;	At Rock Island.
Nov. 21—Monmouth	7;	Rock Island 6;	At Monmouth.
Nov. 27—Peoria	12;	Rock Island 56;	At Rock Island.
Total:—Opponents 123; Rock Island 140.			

The Girl's Basketball Tourney.

	W.	L.	PCT.
Senior	4	1	.800
Junior	3	3	.500
Sophomore	2	2	.500
Freshman	0	3	.000

In a tournament full of thrills and frills, the girls of the senior class maintained their high standard on the gym floor in the annual inter class girls' basketball games, December 10 to 19. From the first the seniors were picked as the winners, but in the last scheduled game the class of 1915 put up a fighting battle, such as has never before been seen in the local gym, and by so doing, won the game, tying up the tournament, with three teams, seniors, juniors, and sophomores equal in standing. The following week the tie was played off. The class of 1914 was twice pitted against the juniors, but succeeded in winning both battles.

The first surprise of the tourney came when the Sophomores trotted away with the big end of the score in their struggle with the Juniors. On the same evening the Seniors decisively walloped the Freshies, 40 to 3. With two victories to their credit, the Seniors came on the floor on the final (or rather, it should have been the final) afternoon, confident of winning, but much to their sorrow they were unceremoniously humbled by the Juniors, by a score of 9 to 8. This unexpected defeat of the Seniors made a continuance of the meet necessary and so the remaining three games were scheduled for the next week.

The Sophomores were handily beaten by the junior girls, and the Seniors, in a close game, downed the Juniors. The Seniors and Juniors had to clash once more. Again the near-graduates showed their superiority on the gym floor and were formally declared the champions of the school.

The lineups of the different teams during the tourney were as follows:

Seniors: Margaret Cook and Blanche Carpenter, forwards; Anna Dittman and Ruth Blakemore, center; Mary Morrison, Edna Curry, Winifred Reck, and Anna Dittman, guards.

Juniors: Elizabeth Bryan, Dorothy Schoessel, and Harriet Darling, forwards; Harriet Darling and Hazel Willis, center; June Nelson, Eva Robb, and Mary Graves, guards.

Sophomores: Alberta Glasco and Evelyn Eckhart, forwards; Elizabeth Babcock, center; Jeanette Redell and Hazel Kerr, guards.

Freshmen: Leona Hedberg, and Melba Carlson, forwards; Vala Forsberg and Beth Emery, center; Julia Marshal, Grace Barnett, and Marie Williams,

The summary of the tournament follows:

Wednesday eve.: Seniors 23; Sophs 3.

Juniors 21; Freshies 0.

Thursday eve.: Seniors 40; Freshies 3.

Sophs 11; Juniors 9.

Friday eve.: Juniors 9; Seniors 8.

Sophs 18; Freshies 5.

Tuesday eve.: Seniors 14; Juniors 8.

Wednesday eve.: Juniors 13; Sophs 10.

Friday eve.: Seniors 10; Juniors 0.

Points by the individual players follows: Margaret Cook, 26 field goals—52 points; Blanche Carpenter, 19 field goals, 5 fouls—43 points; Elizabeth Bryan, 13 field goals, 12 fouls—38 points; Alberta Glasco, 13 field goals, 5 fouls—31 points; Dorothy Schoessel, 10 field goals, 2 fouls—22 points; Evelyn Eckhart, 5 field goals, 1 foul—11 points; Melba Carlson, 2 field goals, 2 fouls—6 points; Leona Hedberg, 2 fouls—2 points.

Total points made by each team: Seniors 95; Juniors 60; Sophomores 42; Freshmen 8.

Alumni 27; High School 34.

In the initial tilt of the season, the school team humbled the alumni five by a score of 34 to 27. The game was very close and at no time uninteresting. At many stages of the game the score was tied but in the last three minutes of play, the high school rolled in a number of baskets that assure them of a victory.

Captain Chalk was the principle score-maker for the school with Kipp not far behind him. Behnammen and Hubbard did the stellar work for the graduates, and made the bulk of the points.

The teams lined up as follows:

High school: Chalk and Kipp, forwards; Glass, center; Reeves and Rinck, guards.

Alumni: Voss and Hubbard, forwards; Behnammen, center; Young, McIntyre, Dooley, and McNeil, guards.

* * *

The Boys' Basketball Tournament.

With class spirit and enthusiasm running high the boys' annual interclass basketball tourney opened Wednesday afternoon, January 14, with Seniors facing the apprentices and the Juniors opposing the Sophomores. The afternoon's play resulted in splendid victories for the Seniors and Juniors and practically eliminated the Sophomores and apprentices from the race.

The Freshmen very graciously declined the offer to have a team on the floor, because, as they thought, they had no one with the possible exception of their honorable president, Glen Hendrickson, who could in any way fill the bill as a basketball player. So the apprentices courageously came forward and, although they were inexperienced, they were possessed with enough fighting spirit to make their

game very creditable. Had they had a little more time for practice, undoubtedly they would have given some of the other teams a desperate struggle.

The Juniors presented a strong team, and in their first game, put a crimp in the aspirations of the Sophomores, by forcing them to submit to a humiliating drubbing, score 26 to 11. The second night produced an exciting game between the Seniors and the Sophomores, in which the fourth year men came out the victors, by a score of 20 to 11. The Juniors had little difficulty in defeating the apprentices by the lop-sided count of 28 to 7.

Excitement ran high when the Juniors and Seniors faced each other in the last and deciding contest of the tournament. Both teams entered the fray with clean slates and both were equally determined to do their utmost to secure victory and the championship for their class. From gong to gong it was a battle royal in which the Seniors were able to maintain a slight lead all the way. The final count was 14 to 7, which only partly shows the intensity of the game. Thus the Seniors added another victory to their long list of championships.

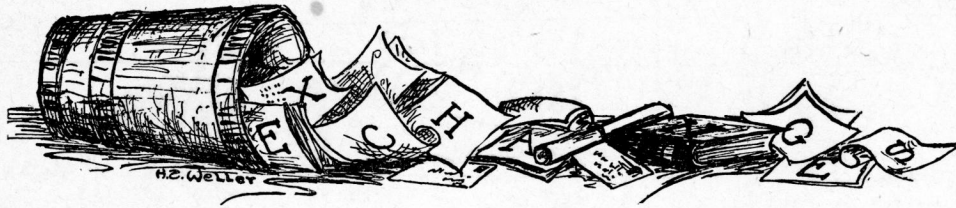
During the tournament, the teams lined up as follows:

Senior: Friestat, Bloomberg, Barker, and Gregory, forwards; Andrews and Mason, center; Cain, Baumbach, and Dahlen, guards.

Juniors: Ackley, Bruner, Johnson and Klove, forwards; Ingalls, center; Culley, McGinnis, and Rinck, guards.

Sophomores: Hinckley, McMullen, and Whisler, forwards; Thomas, center; Titterington, James, and Wilson, guards.

Apprentices: Bergeson and Koehler, forwards; Evans, center; Weyerhauser, Boettger, and Shattaman, guards.



The "Augustana Observer", Augustana College, is eagerly welcomed by us again this year. We are glad to see that your able Editor-in-Chief is a graduate of R. I. H. S.

* * *

We are pleased to receive the "Boomer", El Reno, Oklahoma. The material is as good as is found in many experienced papers. We extend our heartiest wishes for a successful future.

* * *

The "Verdurette", William and Vashti College, with its snappy college news is always welcome at R. I. H. S.

* * *

The "Scoop", Belvidere, Ill., is a clever and interesting paper.

* * *

"The Interlude", South Bend, Ind., is full of laughs from beginning to end. Laughs are always acceptable, but remember, "enough is enough". There are always some people who prefer to have the serious and foolish more evenly divided.

* * *

The "Purple and Gray", Burlington, Iowa, is an entertaining little paper of high merit.

* * *

"The Stentor", Lake Forest College, is a breezy college paper that might be made more attractive by the addition of several cuts and the use of a better system of arrangement. Your Alumni department is extremely good.

For a new paper, "The Rail Splitter", Lincoln, Ill., has made a fine beginning. You might improve your literary department.

* * *

The "High School Clipper", Monmouth, Ill., is one of our best exchanges. Noteworthy features are, a neat cover design, excellent arrangement, and a fine joke department.

* * *

"The Clintonian", Clinton, Iowa, is another of our exchanges that is always welcome. Your arrangement is beyond comment, while your material is exceptionally good. We are exceedingly pleased to see that Clinton does *not* need a new High School.

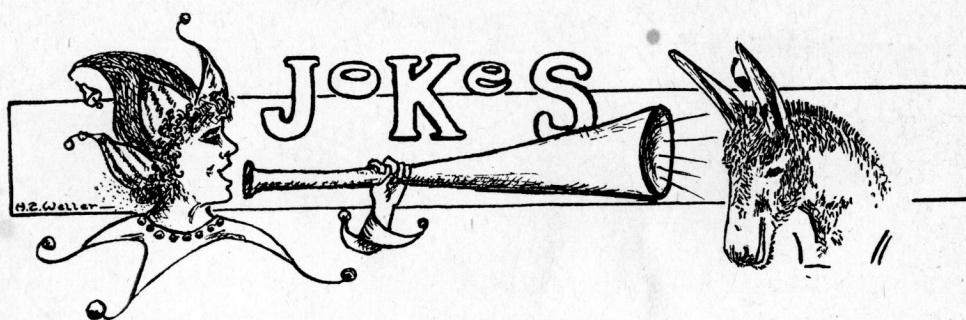
* * *

We gathered that the "Granitian" from Granite High School, is in the State of Utah. This fact was ascertained only through the frequent mention of Salt Lake City, Utah. Barring this one deficiency, your paper is very good indeed. Both the Literary and Joke departments are well worth reading.

* * *

Other exchanges that we wish to acknowledge are, "The Illinois Agriculturists, Urbana, Ill., "Hitchcock Hall", Chicago, Ill., "The Review", John Marshall High School, Chicago, Ill., "The Artisan", Bridgeport, Conn.





We have yet to comprehend why Mildred Adams rises when the class in chorus work sings "All the angels stand."

F. Looley (speaking of Anna Dittman guarding Elizabeth Bryan). "It reminded me of Mut and Jeff."

Question: In looks or in size?

A BRIGHT IDEA.

Miss Rush: "It probably is a good thing to forget as we would go crazy if we remembered everything."

Mary: "I'll tell her that when we have a test!"

First Half Freshie: "What does that 5 on the cover of 'High School Kids' mean?"

Second Half Freshie: "Why, they started to write it, fifth period."

ADVANCED ENGLISH.

Bright Freshie: "He hadn't gone as far as he went."

Mr Starr: "What is the condition of the points determining a plane, when coinciding?"

W. Reck: "You have to stretch the point."

Miss Ballard (after receiving several answers that fell short of the mark): "Oh you are all at sea! Oh no, I should say at D!"

Just because a girl is pigeon-toed don't expect her to coo.

Miss Rush: "Tell us about Friar Bacon."

Student (Who heard only the last two words): "We fry ours, too!"

Student (with a cold) to Librarian: "Give me Cottage Cheese!"

After asking a few more questions the Librarian discovered that he wasn't looking for a grocery store, but wanted "Scottish Chiefs."—*Ex.*

Miss Piot: "Girls, stop talking."

Louise: "Children should speak when they're spoken to."

Miss Piot: "Who's speaking to you?"

AT THE GENESEO GAME.

Mr. Burton: "Come over here and get warm, girls."

Puzzle: Imagine their feelings when they discovered him holding a match!

The Hunter.

BY LESLIE JOHNSON.

There was a time when bird and beast,
Were free, as free could be,
But that was 'fore the tread of man,
Had trod their Jungles free.

Then came a time in Jungleland,
When Teddy with his gun,
Slew all the beasts and birds at hand,
The rest were forced to run.

"Alas, alas," the tiger to the hoppo said,
"He drove us from our lair,
And now, and now, my mate is dead,
Her young left to my care."

We've studied hard Scholasticism
 And we all looked aghasticism
 When Miss Rush papers passedicism
 And told us to write fasticism
 Amen, the test is passedicism
 And we all funky! Alasticism.
 So Sirs, don't look aghasticism
 When we say Darn Scholasticism!

Alumni: "The most embarrassing moment of my life was when I was a Freshie, I was in the habit of riding to school in the street car and one day a Senior boy sat with me and paid my fare. Imagine my feelings when he handed the conductor a dime and received two cents in change! I walked after that.

Miss B. to Louis Eihl: "Ask a question."

Louis: "Why didn't Red Clark come to the Junior party?"

Miss B.: "Now explain why he didn't."

Louis: "He was afraid to walk home in the dark."

Ask Earl Chalk, J. Potter, and some others if racing through the halls in study periods is good exercise.

M. Robbins: "I had an awful cute little mother yesterday."

Note (E. Bryan was his mother in acting Hamlet).

A Rumor is abroad that J. Bruner is going to tour with Caruso.

Miss Rush to two boys in English History class which had been discussing important dates) in tones of regret: "Boys, you have'nt given me any dates."

LATIN THE CAUSE!

Teacher: "Translate Rex fugit."

Student: "The king flees."

Teacher: "You should use 'has' in translating the perfect tense."

Student: "The king has flees."—*Ex.*

Teacher: "You act just like a horse."

Freshie: "Well, I'm just in here to stall."—*Ex.*

My Ideal Girl.

She should have the plastic portraiture of Dorothy Bassett, the seraphic smile of Anna Hoffman, the soulful eyes of Andora Larrison, the enticing "chicness" of Alien Martin, the latitudinal longevity of Helen Young, the "grande dame" air of Margaret Meyer, the intellectual inebriety of "Freddie" Reck, the loquacious lucidity of "Jo" Crosswell, the mischievous merriement of "Peggy" Blakemore, the polished suavity of Florence Prager, the languid luxuriance of Ruth Ruge, the conspicuous charm of "Tib" Sperry, the modest modishness of Zelina Comoges, the printed prominence of "Georgrie" Brinkerhoff, and the dignified dignity of Helen Marshall.

Classified Ads.

Lost: An unbrella by a Senior with a bone handle and a bent rib.

Wanted: Ivan's address. Irma Marshall.

Notice. To lend chains, pins, rings, any kind of jewelry.

Wanted: An elevator in the Manual Arts. By those who take Home Economics.

Wanted: A Basket Ball Team. The Freshmen boys.

Lost or Stolen: One of my curls. Dorothea Hansen.

Notice. Lessons given in the art of acquiring self importance. Francis Black.

Wanted: A "pomp" comb when I play basket ball. Dean Ingalls.

HE KNOWS FROM EXPERIENCE.

P. Oak (at the Junior party): "Love is a faint fluttering of the heart."

Miss Piot: "Now go backwards the same as you go forewards."

Miss Ballard: "If exposition is explanation tell of something outside of school that you have been called upon to explain recently."

L. Eihl: "Why Wendell Clark didn't attend the football party — afraid to go home — alone."

When Reeves is mad we always grin,
When Kipp throws fouls the score does spin.

We sure have a team that will win.

Miss Ballard (reading): "What a piece of work is man! In action how like an angel, the beauty of the world!" What figure of speech is that?

Pupil: Irony.

We suggest that the apprentices secure Hippler as their coach.

In Senior-Sophomore game: "I hear the Sophomores have put Leroy Klove on their team."

"Yes, they wanted a little more spice in their team."

We hear that a student's dog, about to be named "Caruso", left home. We wonder why.

Heppler, hunting for the hand of the stop watch, "I wonder who's holding that hand now."

She: "What is the latest hit in songs?"

He: "Will the spearmint keep its flavor on the bedpost over night?"—*Ex.*

E. Bryan: "The Alexis boys wore red middies."

1st Junior: "Who did you speak to? The light was so bright that I couldn't see."

Answer: "Marion Robbins."

D. Schoessel: "If you hurt your knee, they bind your ankle."

Freshie "Whenever I get a coed it always goes to my head."

Sohp: "Child, that's because there is so much room there."

Miss B.: "Vivian, what is the feminine of hero?"

V. T.: "She-ro."

Mr. Sinnett "I don't know whether on promising to marry it is the custom of giving a hundred dollars, or not, but my experience would say no!"

Mr. Sinnett "Now man, — when I say man I mean woman because you know, man embraces woman!"

"Pete", at a football game: "Irene, do you want a drink?" offering his sweater on which there are raindrops.

Irene: "Oh Pete, drink to me only with thine eyes."

Student, after girls basketball tournament: "I hear that Elizabeth Bryan can't get her hat on!"

To THE TUNE OF "Row, Row, Row."
"And then they'd dribble, dribble, dribble,
Clear down the floor they would dr-i-i-i ble
The captain shouted "I should worry."

They shot baskets (?) in a hurry

That old Alex - - is team.

They shot baskets (?) in a hurry,

Copyright—"Hip" and "Lena".

It seems to me that Glass is iron,

That chalk is wood.

That Renck is wire,

Because they never tire.

A Secret.

Physics is a science that
Is very hard to master,
But once you get "the hang of it,"
You are sure to learn the faster.

There is a Prof. that makes a hit,
Who, we are glad to state
Has certainly got "the hang of it,"
And that is no mistake.

The secret of this man's success
Cannot be found in books
When asked about it, he confessed
It depended on his looks.

We never noticed it before
And all our hats did doff,
When we noticed that he wore
"The smile that won't come off."

M. JENS, '17.

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HE WONDERED WHY!

Miss B.: "What building are you most familiar with, Will?"

W. McCulloch: "The library."

Mr. Philbrook (in chorus work):
"Don't hold the 'beloved' so long."

Teacher: "How dare you swear before me?"

Refractory Pupil: "How did I know you wanted to swear first?"—*Ex.*

A COMMENT AT THE B. B. GAME.

Brilliant Soph: "That Glass is a tumbler."

B. Potter to Junior at whom a package of pins was thrown: "Now you'll be all stuck up."

Freshie (who didn't know "Skillet" Hincley's nickname): "That boy they call 'frying pan' is going to play with the Sophomores."

Dedicated to George Rourke.

A Boy's Only Fear.

Ain't afraid of roarin' lions,
Ain't afraid of elephants,
Ain't afraid of rats,
Ain't afraid of snarlin' dogs,
Ain't afraid of squir'ls,
Ain't afraid of guinea-pigs,
But I am afraid of girls.

STRICTLY CLASSICAL!

Mary had a little lamb
It's name was Enza.
Every time she opened the door,
In-flu-enza.

By Otto Goetlieb.

Envy!

BY A SENIOR.

"Alas for my ambition," sighed a tiny Freshman green,
"It never can be realized, without
That glorious class '14.

When I hear the whistle blowing,
See the ball up in the air,
I really can't help wishing,
That Bodie could be there.

When we slide upon the gridiron
Try to make the score breach wider,
I think with greatest longing,
Of our grandest Senior, Spider.

When the track spreads out beneath us,
Exhausted — we finally walk.
As I watched the first swift runner,
How I wished that it was Chalk.

When it comes to nice young ladies,
Ones who couldn't treat you mean,
I think, my heart fast beating,
Of the ones in fair '14.

100

High School Students are members of the "Y". This is "some bunch". It should be larger: That's up to *you*. These 100 invite the rest of you fellows join their "Y" club.

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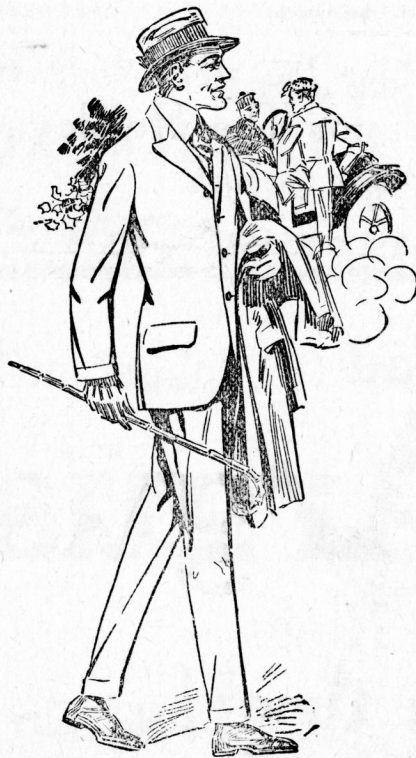
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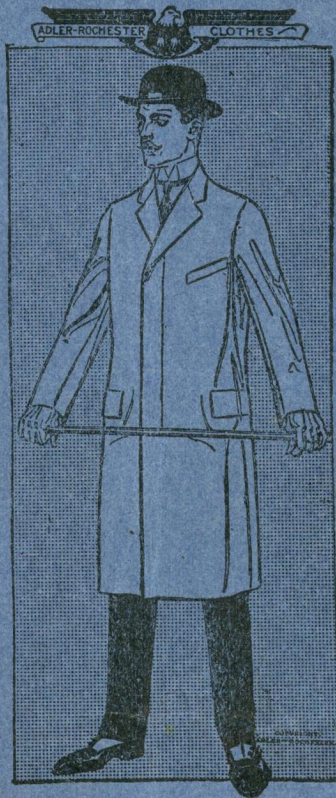
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